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THE WESLEYAN

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Lettering and illustrations by Dot Ogden

MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE ARTS

Editor's Notes

The magazine is new this year. It contains more full color reproductions of art work. It's material covers a wider scope of styles and forms. It has emerged through a series of changes, of critique sessions, of discussions with advisors, and of revisions of the lay-out. It represents an attempt to produce a COLLEGE creative arts magazine for Wesleyan.

Students are not authors, composers, or artists, except perhaps at rare moments and with a great deal of effort. We are students, and as such our work represents only a stage on the attempt to give meaningful expression to our thoughts and feelings. Some of our work is highly imitative. Some of it is highly devoid of any resemblance to other creative works. But the material in the 1967 Wesleyan magazine is uniquely an expression of youth, of this time, of this place, and of creative minds.

It is this fact of expression that causes college magazines to exist. The creative talent on Wesleyan's campus should be published. The deadline for the Spring issue will be announced soon. Please contribute.

Music Editor's Notes

Jana Witham, whose setting of the One-Hundredth Psalm appears in this issue of THE WESLEYAN MAGAZINE, has shown signs of being a gifted musician and composer during her three years at Wesleyan. In the spring of 1965, Jana won first place with THE PASSING OF A ROSE in the Georgia Composers' Competition, a statewide contest for all eligible college students. And in December of 1966, it was announced that THE PASSING OF A ROSE is to be published by Bourne, Inc. Music Publishers of New York, New York. The text for Jana's composition is a poem by Chou Ling, which was found in the French magazine REALITIES in 1963. The Wesleyan Glee Club, under the direction of Dr. Leon J. Villard, included THE PASSING OF A ROSE in last year's performances, and with this year's Christmas concert, THE ONE-HUNDREDTH PSALM, too, became part of the Glee Club's repertoire. Jana is studying voice under Mr. Norman McLean.

SUMMER, 1966

A wasted summer, not the first,
I named it off with a sudden burst
of energy, a dozen tasks—
to write of openness and masks,
of songs that sang, of thoughts that rushed
to me and those that crept up hushed.
And all tomorrows loomed ahead,
unused, unwritten and unread.
But day began to swallow day,
and nothing concrete, nothing I
may show you now, in proof, exists.
All I have are hopeful lists.
Tomorrows are as yesterdays;
the summer's shrouded, cloaked in haze,
the haze of death—the sickly cast
of nothing done, of nothing past.

—Mary Abbott Waite

SOUL

Be still, my Soul,
And pay attention.
Realize yourself,
And sense beingness;
Because, Soul, all of it is you.

You are katydids that hum in the summertime behind honeysuckle;
And the lamplighter that brightens my lane;
You are the lightning bugs turned on;
And very long tree shadows in late afternoon that reach out longer
than the tree.
Look closely now.

You are the patter of feet in the nursery upstairs;
And the whimper of a cold child in the alley;
You are the pounding of one hundred fingers racing down piano keys;
And the sound of snowflakes hitting the ground: silence.
Listen closely now.

You are my mirror.
Yet unless I stand before the mirror,
You are not there.
I cannot see myself,
But in you.

I am able to see because—
The mirror reflects beingness around me:
Katydids, lightning bugs, whimpers and snowflakes.
And even when my eyelids blind me in death,
And the mirror is dark to me,
You are still there.
Soul.

—Betsy Martin





Birth Song

It was a new era.
We bore our sons in somnolent pain,
And as the undulating contractions swelled
and faded,
We spoke to our unborn, imminent children.
Our voices were the same,
And we brought forth our young entangled
in the cord of desperate new beliefs,
Saying to them:

This is the new era, dear,
And all is accepted, permitted,
yes, welcomed,
outside of reason, of course.
You may, if you like, kill, today,
or would you rather smash the vase,
or scream a bit—
emotion, you know,
is a sign of life.

Don't think, kick,
as the saying goes.
For this is a new era.

I shall teach my son old songs I learned of late,
and old ceremonies lately found.
What once was is not now.
What has ceased to be is.
The bottle or the breast, my son?
Undecided, I shall give you meat.

We must put on, take off,
mask, strip, devastate, emasculate,
gorge, and disgorge.
You are my son, my son, and we are in a new era.

I shall read a testament to you
of all the murders that ever were.
Would you like a gun, my son?
For this is the new era.

—Susan Lutters





the World of Childhood

—Kathi Neal

MY WALLUP

I went to the zoo to see the sights,
There were lions and tigers and bears,
And snakes,
And ducks,
And monkeys, all right,
But nary a Wallup was there.

A Wallup is needed most definitely,
It's small and it eats very little,
A carrot,
An olive,
A fish from the sea,
And then it's quite full in the middle.

So, when I grow up just like my brother,
I will give mine to the zoo,
My Wallup,
Its father,
And even its mother,
Maybe its olive tree too.



TRAINS

I love to ride the train by day,
And watch what things may pass my way
I press my nose against the glass.
Why does the ground rush by so fast?

WHICH IS RIGHT?

Oh, I am such a grown-up boy,
My mommy says I am.
And grown-up boys eat beets for lunch,
Instead of toast and jam.

Though I'm grown-up, I'm still too young,
My mommy says to me,
To play kick ball with brother's friends,
And climb the apple tree.

And now I want to go to school,
I don't know what to say,
'Cause Mom says I'm too young to go,
And much too old to stay!





On a Visit by ROBERT PENN WARREN

Before a visit of Robert Penn Warren, certain whisperings were heard around the college campus:

Have you heard, have you heard

That there's a poet coming here?

Oh, a poet? yes, a poet;

It's a poet coming here.

But he writes novels, too. You've read some of them, I'm sure.

But if he is a poet, then he needs

Must be of classic countenance of course,

With Grecian features smooth and beautiful,

A brow of high and lofty noble grace.

Without a doubt, his speech will liken to

The music of a rippling stream or to

The shimmering of liquid, molten gold.

His ways will be ethereal like one

Who contemplates those realms beyond mere earth.

His favorite haunts will be of course those hills

where sunlight dances free or mockingbirds

Sing clear and nature laughs to be alive,

Or in the rain, a flick'ring fire by which

He searches through the garret of memory.

If he's a poet, this is how he is.

But he won't be, I tell you. He's a novelist. He will wear patched corduroy jackets and will smoke a pipe. His voice will be deep and sonorous. And as for his features, they will be craggy and very masculine. And he will have big shaggy brows over dark piercing eyes. He's a novelist, and he'll be like this.

The whisperings continued and the poet—novelist came and went; and the whisperings merged to one:

The poet came.

But he was not classical,

Nor did he write idyllic gentle verse

But powerful, direct, blood-and-guts describe his poetry.

And describe the man—no Greek god:

A beak nose and a most ordinary brow and thinning hair

And a voice sort of raspy.

His favorite haunts—

These were the lives of men

where hate and joy and

lone wandering reign

where one event leads to another

where nothing is totally divisible from the whole

He was the poet of the prosaic phrase—

direct

personal

finger-pointing

enigmatic

He was the poet teaching—

Teaching of sound and sense

of poetry and prose

of criticism

of understanding

He was a poet of men.

He was also a novelist of men.

—Mary Abbott Waite



They disgust me—
These pseudo-sophisticates
With their high
Intellect
Built on
Foundations of
Rapidly diffusing
Synthetic slime.
Amoeba creatures,
They.
Gliding and oozing
Smooth nothings
From nonsense-controlled
Vacuous space;
Driven by one cell,
Threatening to engulf
All they encounter,
Including,
Hopefully,
Each other.

—Dottie Smith

SEA ASSAULT

The water swam in great rolls of muscle before her.
It rose up with a hungry, curling tongue
Only to dissolve into splintering foam.
Yet, she knew.
Dirty ocean laced with seaweed.
Above— innocent, nature—coursed waves.
Beneath— the boiling inevitable.

A flight of gulls streaked across the neutralness.
Out, out.

—Wrong way. Come back.

Too fast. All is too fast (she cried)

Salt lay heavily on her lips.

Cold, brine-chilled spray slashed across her face.

—It won't be long (she thought)

The foaming assault thundered down.

Water burst her skin.

Wind borne from the horizon tore at her savagely.

Friction shot upward.

The nerves in the grass and the rattling palms

Pushed their way into her.

Mouth open in labor of childbirth and death.

She saw the driftwood,

the kiwi birds,

the broken seashell,

Vaguely remembering them.

But only as seconds of minutes previous

As she walked into the sea.

The waters folded about her

—How calm the tempest (she murmured)

And closed above her head.

—Carol Payne

Rattle in my bod

I didn't think you were awake.

Don't try to tell me anything:

I'm old and tired.

Go away—I am better without you.

It's been a long time, yet

You think you are still my friend.

I choose my friends for pleasure—

Pain is a cheap companion.

Fractured throb—I thought you were run down.

Sleeping heart—why did love wake you up?

—Nancy Greer

My love is like
A dead, dead toad,
That sweetly croaks
In spring.

My love is like
A dread, dread road,
That leads to
The latrine.

My love is like
A red, red nose,
That loudly blows.

—Susan Lutters

and June Shiver

WATER POLLUTION,

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

"Why, the fish are dying in droves!"
declared the stout matron at lunch,
chewing with mouth wide open
her dead chicken sandwich.

"It is such a deplorable thing."
and she became so agitated that
two oily wrinkles between her eyes
jerked together and made a frown,
made her shaggy head cease wagging
from side to side,
made her leave unattended
the yellow mash inside her mouth.

Some thought her garter had snapped,
while others suspected worse;
but one who had also read of the fish
dying in droves
believed the matron was being charitable
and
with much good conscience,
thinking of politics.

The stout matron resumed her chewing,
but no longer with the old delight
as if, having pondered the outcome
of her dead chicken sandwich,
she had reached
an
alarming
conclusion.

—Sharon Bland

The Treasure—A Sonnet

The sun has dappled walls of castles here,
Then cast a shadow on the growing day,
When life was just a breath; and swept away
The gift of being whole—to disappear,
Waste and disregard, to reappear.
Of God's too mortal treasure, men can say,
"I have been cheated in life's way—
Now death as my revenge draws near."

If men had only sought to find what held
Their hearts and souls with love unknown to sing,
Death's defiant living would have dwelled
Unbeknownst to life, a lesser thing.
And castles dappled with the sun, to tell
Of men, their souls; not death but life to bring.

—Sue Bradshaw

REFLECTION

There is something of a maple
That is more than most in other trees—
Perhaps the smoothness of the limbs,
Finesse not found in other rougher, less aristocratic barks—
Or possibly the way in which the branches bend
To humor newborn breezes
Without the loss of even one twig's dignity . . .
Or could it be the lighter sides of spring-green leaves
That gather wayward sunbeams and
Reflect them to their rightful places,
Entirely without noticing the shadowed spots they make
Shaped happily without regard
To passing trends in worldly art?

—Margaret McKenzie

Image

Belonging half to me
And half to laughter
Your smile is a flicker-candle
In an autumn-evening room,
A glow-filled room making compliments
To crisp September.

—J. Ragland

A STAR

A star makes you feel small like a pearl in the ocean—
a tiny light amongst many;
A star makes you want to grab ahold and take a ride—
under a cloud and over the moon like the cow that jumped;
A star makes you squint your eyes and squench up your face
to see five corners—and the twinkle;
A star makes you want to change your name to Wynken
and sail off in a wooden shoe—me too.
A star makes you wonder if you jumped very hard,
could you reach it? with a pogo stick?
A star makes you want to lie in the grass and look up—
snug in your pajamas before them all;
A star makes you want to count them all, until you get to twenty—
you've counted ten twice already;
A star makes you wonder if it ever will fall—
so you really can put it in your pocket for keeps.

—Betsy Martin



DAYS ON END

Jason, put down your book and come with me
to the woods this afternoon. Oh, yes, I know
it must be read before tomorrow night,
but you have time. I think you'll find this time
well spent; it too unfolds one page and then
another, but more subtly than your book.
Let's go and watch the day end in the woods.
Let's go in afternoon and choose the proper
tree to lean against; you know, the kind
that lives with you, that breathes with you instead
of pushing out against your back. Let's sit
one thing alive with another watching day
go down in the woods.

We'll see the sun come flitting through the trees
and see the leaves in answering—some
reflecting back the gleam in playful stub-
bornness and others stretching forth to give
translucent colors for the sun's delight.
We'll see how leaf casts shadow over leaf,
and how the trees in larger form do much
the same. And as the sun sinks lower down
we'll watch some things grow larger than they should—
a tiny oak becomes a slanty giant
upon the ground and cones make little firs
with shadows on the moss.

And as the sun comes near to setting, it
will burn with orange red intensity,
erasing out the finer lines to leave
the greater shapes of nature silhouetted
against the burnished background of the end
of day. And then, it's finished; darkness comes
at once—but not unkindly so. Then we leave
the woods and come back home. All right? Oh, Jason, yes
I know it's dangerous in the dark but not that much.
And really, I do think it's worth the time and risk;
You read your book and I'll get dinner fixed.
it's just one afternoon, the first I've asked
in weeks. All right, its just as well I guess.

—Mary Abbott Waite

EVE

Breathe twilight;
Life twangs on a guitar string.
Walk the shadowy secession of day . . .
 staccato streets of cobblestone,
 high-droned superhighways,
 bay windows smiling on
 streetlight halos in the fog.
Watch wildflowers pepper half-light hours
With speckled rainbows.
Climb a hill tied down to earth with ivy and find
Earth harboring in her bosom an equation of living things
 for every evening stroller
 the seed he is.

—J. Ragland

EPICUREAN

To the world!
You are a sin-hoarder
To me.
You will fire the same
 for twenty sins
As some will burn
 for one.

—Nancy Greer

Rondo

the summer skips
on sandeled heels and hopscotch squares;
the summer skips,
around the seasons' ring it trips,
and with each circle it declares
an endless aging brought by years;
the summer skips.

—J. Ragland

COME UP FOR BEER

Come up for beer
you fierce Marines,
swill in warm
in the Monsoon rains;
hurry it down—
gulp it straight—
an hour from now
might be too late
for any king or clown.

Roll your comrades
a jolly eye,
laugh your secrets
to the clouded sky;
laugh them soon—
then down to sleep—
an hour from now
the liquid heat
will steal any dog's moon.

—Sharon Bland

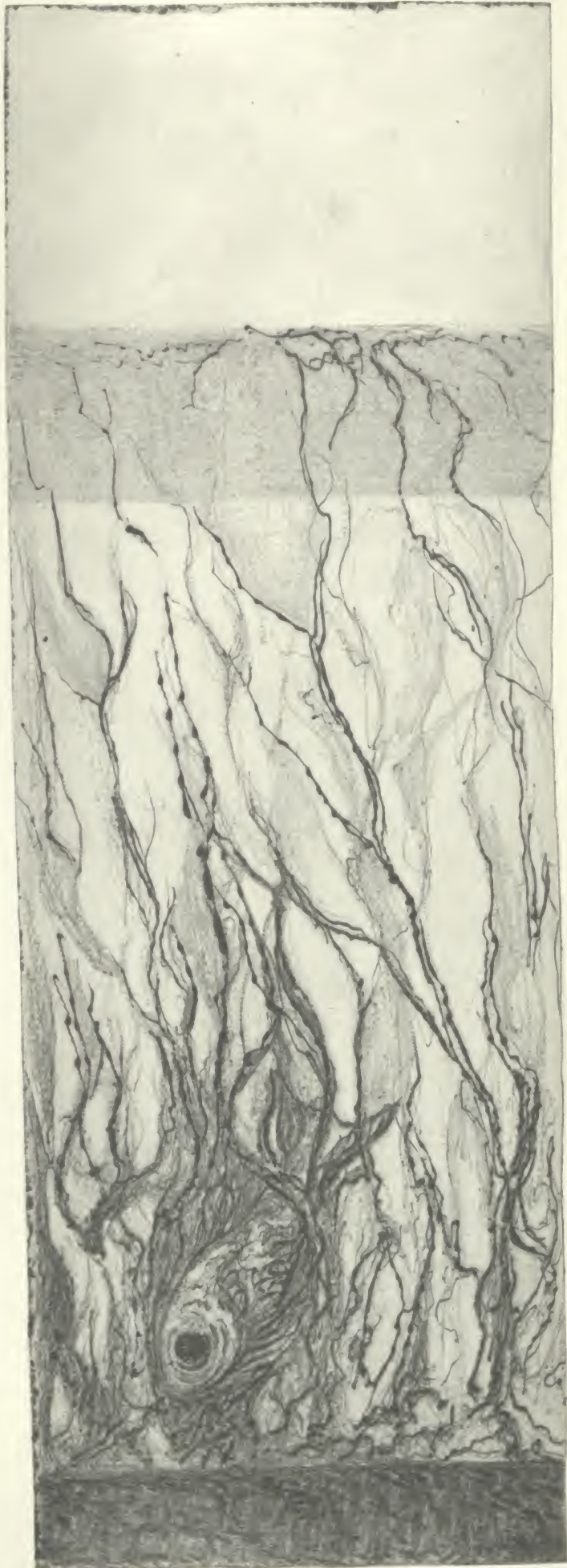
STAGNATION

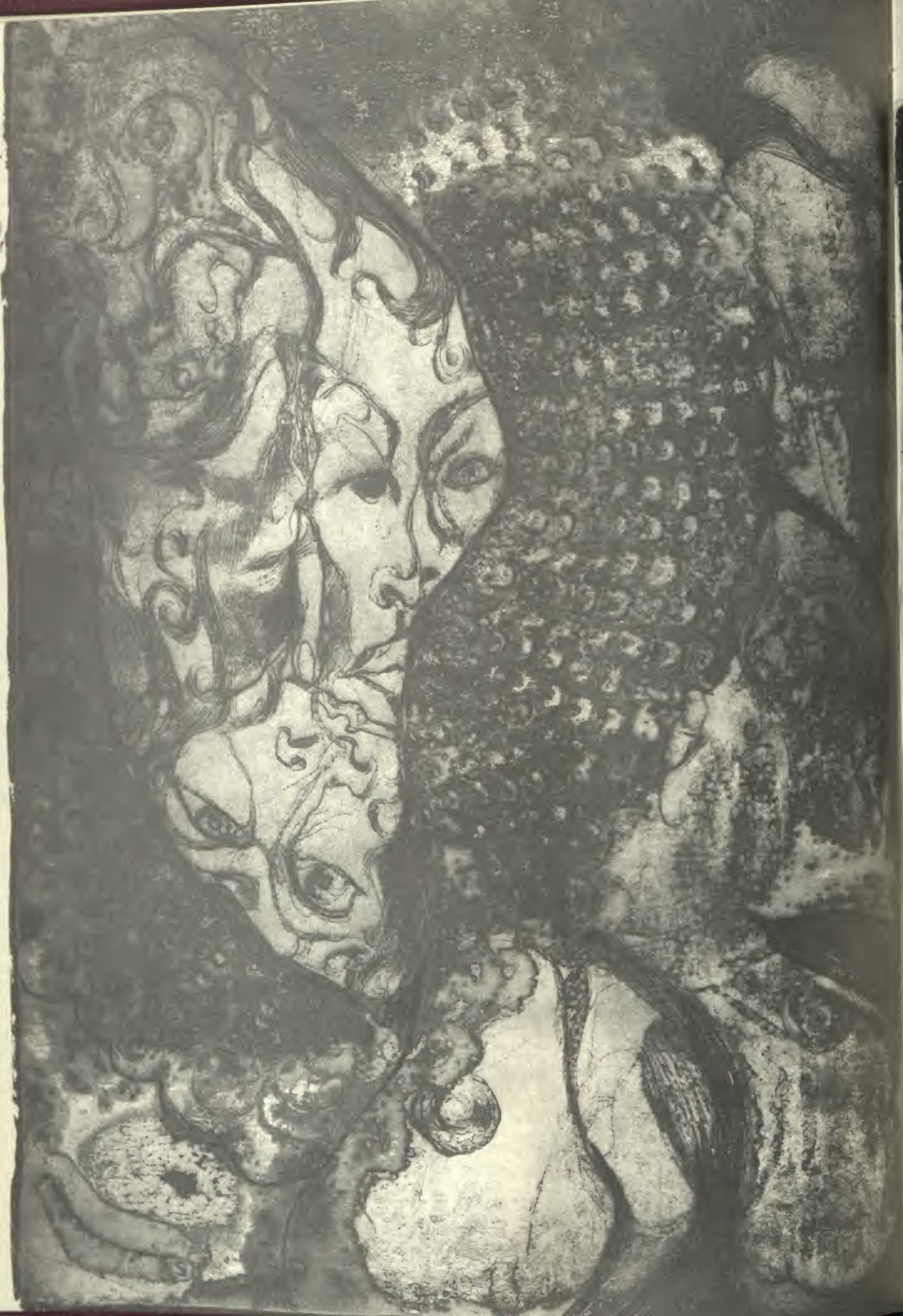
Time proceeds,
Succession in unending circlets.
Days slip into the past,
Carbon copies of themselves.

Change exists,
Variations in minute particles.
Routines evolve into the new
With unobvious innovations.

Ruts form,
Channels in monotonous pathways.
Grooves grow deeper each year,
Burrowing inward into isolation.

—Kathi Neal







LEAF MUTABILITY

At my birth

The earth trembled,
The flowers bowed,
The branches quivered.

In the world

Jumping, flying, chasing,
I played—
Tag with the breeze.

But . . .

Futile days,
Vain life.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."
Of me, it was.

Now I'm dead.

I cover this crusty earth,
And hide the perished souls in its
belly.

After my death,

I will be both
Seed and womb,
For others to come—
I will be the others.

Miraculous, beautiful incest,
Let me be born again.

—Betsy Martin

It Is Spring Again

The second since you left.

Andre has been mending nets and sails all winter.

He'll scrape and paint the boat soon.

Remember how as children we used to sit and chew on bits

of wild grass while he patched and scraped and
painted,

how you wished to pull the brush, heavy and white with

paint, along the smoothly sanded side,

and how I begged to hold the sails and pull the long
needle through them until the holes were neatly mended?

On warm spring evenings I sit under the moss-hung oaks along
the marsh and watch the young ones play near the water's
edge. The boys remind me of you—lithe and strong,
their suntanned bodies moving like the slender marsh reeds
as they put to sail their palm leaf crafts. Occasionally
a girl dares to run as I once did among the laughing boys,
her legs long and brown beneath her blowing dress and her hair
flowing behind her smile-warmed face as she runs from playful pushes.

The shadows are lengthening on the lawn, and one single star has begun to
twinkle above the sentinel figure of a pine. Where sea meets sky,
the blurred shapes of fishing boats can be seen returning with their
load.

The day you left to fight someone else's war is somewhere in the past.

Also in the past are all the times you fought for younger brothers
those battles that were too much for them. And winning battles
for the boys was not always easy. How can it be easy now?

Soon the storms will start. I love the way the sky will darken and
everything becomes so very still. Then the wind, rushing
over the beach and through the water, will blow sand and spray
in my hair. I'll make for shelter just before the rains come.
Once I'll get caught, but that's all right. The slight sting
of the rushing drops will smooth away my anger. Perhaps my
tears will run together with the raindrops on my cheeks and
exhausted, I'll lie and listen to the rain beat against the roof
and windowpanes, and then I'll sleep.

As this spring passes and another summer grows old, I'll watch for you
and hear you run, phantom-like through the sea-oats
I'll wait until I see you loose the sails and pull the boat
upon a sandy strip of beach and then . . .
I'll smile.

—Barbara Smith

AND SOMEWHERE, EDEN

A barren cliff, red and brown
On which a poisonous sun blazes;
Behind it an equally barren hill
Shimmering faintly, an infinite hell.

On the edge a sweat soaked lion
Panting, raging in its mind
Because it cannot decide to move;
Only lie and watch a thousand suns come up.

Or wonder if leaping would end anything
And is there a bottom to the coppery abyss,
Is it possible to leap to Eden
And is there a color green.

Choking dust stirs sluggishly
From a hot wind not felt,
And the lion shifts uncertainly
But does not rise.

A wall of heat separates
Barren cliff and silent hill,
But the path between is a unity
Rutted and deep, a threading certainty.

A thousand suns have come and gone
The lion rises aching
And seemingly out of duty
Pads wearily along the path

To the hill, where he will lie
In the searing poison of false infinity
And watch the cliff.

burnett



Hey, you with the oil-smile
Glistening on your face.
Slick with the polish of practice!
Don't let the rain of salt-tears
Rust your tempered joints.
Take a few years
Before your smile rusts into place.

—Nancy Greer

DEJA-VU

DIANE CRANE

It was August, and the world was dying. But never had there been a better kept secret. Lovers still walked hand in hand through the park, and old dogs slept in the afternoon sun as they had for years.

But Professor Adam Hamilton knew the secret, had known it for some time. As a botanist, he had observed the recent trends. Most people shrugged about the latest population explosion. Hadn't experts warned year after year about food shortages and lack of space, but man was still around. Comforted by "it can't happen to us," people bent all their energies on amassing wealth and confidently planned for retirement and bungalows in Florida.

But Adam saw the earth being drained and sapped of her strength. The hunger of her peoples was like a great mouth, devouring food and lives alike in its black cavern. Apathetic Americans might give little thought to the plight of India and China, but soon they, too would be attacked by the leviathan of famine. Disillusioned by the selfish attitudes and moral indifference around him, but eternally the optimist, Adam trusted in the future to realize his dream of a perfect new world—shaped by his mind and built with his hands.

And so Adam had made a decision. All that remained was to tell Lilith.

SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS.

He thought briefly of his wife—beautiful Lily. After fifteen years together, she had changed outwardly so little. Her dusky hair had no touch of silver, and her eyes were still wonderfully slanted, but now they had a hard, flat look, and her mouth was set in a perpetual thin-lipped line.

"But, Adam, I don't want to live on Venus—not now or ever."

It had taken hours to convince her; but the desire to go on living was strong, and at last she yielded.

Adam looked with sorrow at the earth he was leaving behind—a world hungry for food but starving for lack of things more important than physical needs. And he dreamed of the new civilization he would build—with gardens growing instead of cement sidewalks, with no smokestacks breathing out their everlasting black fumes, with peace to replace war.

Adam had a special feeling for the land. Gardening had been his hobby for years, and he permitted himself one last look at his garden before driving to the launching pad.

I'LL MISS THIS PLACE.

And he bent to feel the earth, letting the soil slide through his fingers, studying each minute particle closely.

THERE'LL BE NEW GARDENS ON VENUS BUT NEVER ANOTHER ONE LIKE THIS.

The budding green was like a blaze of light, more blinding than even the sun, beating down upon his back relentlessly.

"Adam, come on for heaven's sake. We'll be late. One piece of land's just like another, and there'll be acres of it on Venus."

Lily took his arm and propelled him toward the car.

SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND BECAUSE SHE'S NEVER LOVED THE EARTH AS I DO. WE'RE SO VERY DIFFERENT—AND SO VERY INDIFFERENT.

Adam pondered this thought, mentally turning it over and over during the hours that followed when every second a flashbulb popped in his face, and men with pencils and notebooks asked all sort of prying questions.

"Well, Adam, this is it."

Lilly wandered off to examine the inside of the rocket more closely, leaving him alone to greet the other members of the party.

Introductions were brief.

"I'm Lucifer Cranford."

Adam instinctively drew back when Dr. Cranford, the herpetologist, a thin, nervous man with eyes like inscrutable pools, clasped his hand.

"And I'm Yvette Munroe."

Adam's eyes followed her unconsciously, watching the sunlight diffusing through her hair when she leaned forward and the way her lips moved when she spoke.

"A beautiful woman, don't you agree?"

Adam nodded assent to Lucifer's remark.

WHAT A WONDERFUL WIFE SHE'D MAKE. NOW IF ONLY LILITH—

He stirred uneasily.

I'VE GOT TO QUIT THINKING LIKE THIS. BUILDING A WORLD WITHOUT SIN ISN'T GOING TO BE AS EASY AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

Nevertheless, he couldn't help being pleased when Yvette came and sat beside him.

"Do you have a hobby, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Please call me Adam. Why yes, I do, gardening."

"I'm a sort of gardener myself. I've spent all my spare time working to perfect a new type of apple—one that will grow on Venus."

Adam somewhat unwillingly compared his wife to Yvette, and Lilith was the one who suffered in the comparison. After all, the girl was so young and pretty and interested in what he was doing. He fought to keep Lily's image in his mind, but Yvette eradicated her as completely as the sun absorbs the dew.

"An interesting project Miss Munroe. I've always loved apples."

"Oh, Adam, please call me Eve."

And Lucifer smiled approvingly.





The One Hundredth Psalm

Jana Witham

4-1966

Allegro con giusto

$\text{♩} = 120$

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord all ye lands;

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord all ye lands; Serve the

Lord with glad-ness, come be-fore his pre-sence with sing-ing, with sing-ing

fine *Un poco meno* $\text{♩} = 120$

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "with sing-ing. *mf* know ye that the Lord He is God:". The second staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "will sing-ing. *mf* know ye that the Lord". The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "know ye". The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Un poco meno" with a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The word "fine" is written above the first staff.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "It is He that hath made us and not we our-selves?". The second staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "He is God: It is He that hath made us and". The third staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "that the Lord He is God. It is He". The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Un poco meno" with a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The word "fine" is written above the first staff.

not we our-selves
that hath made us and not we our-selves
It is He that hath made us and not we our-

simplify
PP We are His peo-ple —, and the sheep of his pas-ture.
PP We are His peo-ple —, and the sheep of his pas-ture
PP We are His peo-ple —, and the sheep of his pas-ture
PP We are His peo-ple —, and the sheep of his pas-ture

name — His name for the Lord is good — His mercy is ev-er

His name for the Lord is good — His mercy is ev-er

His name for the Lord is good — His mercy is ev-er

name — His name for the Lord is good — His mercy is ev-er

mp last-ing — and his truth en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth, for all gen-er-a-tions
accelerando
mp

last-ing — and his truth en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth; for all gen-er-a-tions

last-ing — and his truth en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth — for all gen-er-a-tions

last-ing — and his truth en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth, for all gen-er-a-tions



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a list or index, running vertically along the left margin. The text is partially obscured by the binding of the book.